

## POETRY

[Written for THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER.]  
THE PRESIDENTS.

When Washington was elected,  
He governed this great country well,  
As the folks expected.

John Adams was his successor,  
He took the royal seat—  
Administered the affairs quite well,  
His policies were complete.

Another wise and fearless leader,  
Thomas Jefferson;  
When his Administration ceased  
All men could say "well done."

Then came the noble Madison,  
In eighteen hundred and nine;  
He governed well, pleased with him  
They elected him the second time.

From eighteen hundred and seventeen  
To eighteen hundred and twenty-five,  
James Monroe led a mighty host;  
His country, it did thrive.

James J. Q. is next in term,  
He honored to his name;  
He served the people very well,  
I could not alone for fame.

Andrew Jackson now from twenty-nine  
To eighteen hundred and thirty-seven,  
Andrew Jackson on had rare gifts,  
A great man only given.

Martin Van Buren, a noble man,  
Comes up and takes his station;  
From thirty-seven to forty-one  
He led a mighty nation.

From forty-one to forty-five,  
Zachary Taylor and Tyler;  
They exercised authority well,  
They never did beguile her.

James K. Polk now takes his stand  
For honor, truth and right;  
From forty-five to fifty-one  
For his nation fight.

Zachary Taylor mounts the stage,  
A name we all hold dear,  
His administration  
Was ended in a year.

Now comes Millard Fillmore,  
A noble leader he,  
Who guides the bark from fifty  
To eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

This brings us up to fifty-three,  
And for the next four years,  
We follow an heroic leader,  
His name is Franklin Pierce.

From fifty-seven to sixty  
We follow James Buchanan,  
Super the civil war we,  
Can almost hear the cannon.

In sixty-one until his death,  
Lincoln was our foreman;  
He came to his death by a wicked foe,  
They followed Andrew Johnson.

Now for the next eight years  
We are led by Grant;  
At the Administration,  
Leave you all to guess.

From seventy-seven to eighty-one  
R. B. Hayes leads the banner;  
And as we learn from history,  
In an accepted manner.

In eighty-one and eighty-two  
Garfield leads the show,  
But his untimely death  
At the hands of a Charles Guiteau.

And now this mighty nation  
Must follow Chester Arthur,  
And time flies smoothly on,  
And never makes a bother.

Just now this grand old country  
By Cleveland is led on;  
Which is noted  
For his big backbone.

Ben Harrison is the next man  
Who in the chair sits;  
He won great fame by wearing  
A second-labeled hat.

We now have Cleveland again,  
They say "this is an evil."  
They say "he will ruin the country,"  
Others, "he's played the devil."

—J. E. DU CAN.  
Salem, N. C.

## HOUSEHOLD.

## PEACH SHORT CAKE.

Into one quart of sifted flour mix by  
one or four siftings two heaping tea-  
spoonsful of baking powder, one tea-  
spoonful salt and three teaspoonfuls  
sugar. Next rub in lightly two table-  
spoonsful of butter and add enough  
water or sweet milk to form a dough  
that can be mixed with a spoon, but  
not sufficiently stiff to handle. Bake  
in two round, shallow tins, lined with  
greased paper, in a quick oven. When  
done butter each cake, and over or  
spread a thick layer of peaches sliced  
thin. Powder well with sugar and  
cover with the other cake. Dust a lit-  
tle fine sugar over the whole and eat  
with plenty of rich cream.

## QUINCE PICKLE.

Boil the fruit till it is tender. There  
should not, however, be any water  
added to that in which the waste has  
been boiled, but the kettle should be  
covered closely, so that most of the  
cooking shall be done by steam, using  
great care not to allow the fruit to be-  
come scorched. Weigh the fruit in the  
kettle (having first got the weight of  
the vessel), and for each seven pounds  
of quince allow one pint of cider vine-  
gar, a cupful of water and four pounds  
of sugar. Mix the vinegar, sugar and  
water with two tablespoonfuls of cin-  
namon and one of mace, and boil for  
fifteen minutes. Then add the fruit,  
and let it cook slowly—simmer—for  
another quarter of an hour. It will  
then probably be ready to put into the  
jars, and seal while hot, but if the  
juice appears too thin it may be boiled  
down to proper consistency.

## CODFISH.

Take a small, live codfish. This  
means a fish "caught to order" out  
of the stock swimming in the great tanks  
of the fish docks, where a few dealers  
always keep their live stock. Cover  
the fish with three quarts of cold wa-  
ter in which are placed a handful of  
salt, half a wineglass of vinegar, one  
small carrot cut in slices, one onion  
also cut fine, three bay leaves, three  
sprigs of thyme and a bunch of pars-  
ley roots. Let the codfish come to the  
boiling point and simmer slowly, bub-  
bling arising on the edge of the kettle,  
for thirty minutes. Then lift it out,  
pull off the skin, and surround it with  
new boiled potatoes cut in quarters  
and tossed five minutes in a table-  
spoonful of butter, a half teaspoonful  
of salt and a little white pepper for  
every six potatoes. Add also a table-  
spoonful of minced parsley. Lay a  
few sprays of parsley over the fish.

## INGERSOLL ON NAPOLEON.

A little while ago I stood by the  
grave of the old Napoleon—a magni-  
ficent tomb of gilt and gold. It almost  
for a deadly deity—and gazed upon  
the sarcophagus of rare and nameless  
marble, where rests at last the ashes  
of that restless man.

I leaned over the balustrade and  
thought about the career of that great-  
est soldier of the modern world. I saw  
him walking along the banks of the  
Seine contemplating suicide. I saw  
him at Toulon; I saw him putting  
down the mob in the streets of Paris.  
I saw him at the head of the army in  
Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge  
at Lodi with the tricolor in his hand.

I saw him in Egypt in the shadows  
of the pyramids. I saw him conquer  
the Alps and mingle the eagles of  
France with the eagles of the crags.  
I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm, and at  
Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia when  
the infantry of the snow and cavalry  
of the wild blast scattered his legions  
like the winter's withered leaves. I  
saw him at Leipsic in defeat and dis-  
aster—driven by a million bayonets  
back from Paris—clutched like a wild  
beast—banished to Elba. I saw him  
escape and retake the empire by the  
force of his genius. I saw him on the  
frightful field of Waterloo, where  
change and fate combined to wreck  
the fortunes of their former king. And  
I saw him at St. Helena, with his  
hands crossed behind him, gazing out  
upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and wid-  
ows he had made—of the tears that  
had been shed for his glory, and the  
only woman who had ever loved him,  
pushed from his heart by the cold  
hand of ambition. And said I would  
rather have been a French peasant,  
and worn wooden shoes.

I would rather have lived in a hut  
with a vine growing over the door,  
and the grapes growing purple in the  
amorous kisses of the autumn sun, my  
loving wife by my side, knitting as  
the day died out of the sky—with my  
children upon my knee, and their arms  
around me—I would rather have been  
that man, and gone down to the  
tongueless silence of the dreamless  
dust, than to have been that imperial  
impersonation of force and murder  
known as Napoleon the Great.

## SCRUPULOUS STAYBOLTS.

"Clara," said Mrs. Gratebar to little  
Clara Staybolt, who had come in to  
play with the Gratebar children, "how  
is your mother today?"

"Well, she's better," said Clara, but  
the doctor says she's very much dewil-  
laminated."

"What under the canopy do you  
mean by that, Clara?" asked Mrs.  
Gratebar.

"Well, the doctor said debilitated,"  
said Clara, "but father says we mustn't  
say Bill, we must always say Wil-  
liam"—New York Sun.

## THIS SIDE UP.

We saw Jack nailing up a box the  
other day containing some articles  
which he intended sending by express.  
From the nature of the contents we  
knew it was essential that the box  
should not be inverted on the passage,  
so we ventured the suggestion to Jake  
to place the much abused "this side  
up," etc., conspicuously upon the  
cover. A few days after we saw Jake.

"Heard from your goods, Jake? Did  
they get there safely?"

"Every one broke," replied Jake,  
suddenly. "Lost the hull lot. Hang  
the express company!"

"Did you put on 'this side up,' as we  
told you?"

"Yes, I did. And fur fear they  
shouldn't see in on the kiver, I put it  
on the bottom, tew—counfound 'em!"

## A METALLIC DISCRIMINATION.

A young lady with a touch of ton-  
sillitis was consulting the family phy-  
sician.

"That is nothing serious," said he.  
"I'll touch it up with a little nitrate of  
silver and you will be all right."

The young lady looked a bit doubt-  
ful.

"Oh, it won't hurt," remarked the  
doctor, reassuringly.

"I wasn't thinking of that. Papa  
might object."

"Why, what possible objection can  
he have?"

"I heard him tell mama the other  
evening that he was opposed to silver.  
Couldn't you use nitrate of gold. Sil-  
ver is so common and cheap, you  
know, and I am sure papa wouldn't  
object then."—San Francisco Post.

## EFFECT OF HARD TIMES.

A story was recently told of how a  
preacher tested the effect of the hard  
times upon his congregation. At the  
conclusion of one of his sermons he  
said:

"Let everybody in the house who  
pay their debts stand up."

Instantly, every man, woman and  
child, with one exception, arose to  
their feet.

He seated the crowd and then said:

"Let every man who is not paying  
his debts stand up."

The exception noted, a care worn,  
hungry looking individual, clothed in  
his last summer suit, slowly assumed  
a perpendicular position, and leaned  
upon the back of the seat in front of  
him. "How is it my friend," inquired  
the minister, "that you are the only  
man in this large congregation who is  
unable to pay his obligations?"

"I publish a newspaper," he meekly  
replied, "and my brethren here, who  
have just stood up, are all my sub-  
scribers, and—"

"Let us pray," exclaimed the min-  
ister.

## THE MULE AND THE BOY.

A boy, apparently much agitated,  
rushed into a house recently, and said:  
"I don't want to alarm yer, but I've  
got bad news. The man sent me up  
from the livery stable to tell yer—"

"Good heavens! What is it?"

"Why, you know yer little boy,  
Aleck, what the man can't keep outen  
the livery stable 'round the corner!"

"Yes, well?"

"I told Aleck just now not to enter  
the stable among horses, but he would-  
n't mind me."

"Oh, dear! What has happened?"

"He said he wanted to see what a  
mule would do when you tickled his  
heel with a straw."

"Oh, heavens!" gasped the lady,  
and clung to the mantle for support.

"Well, sir, your boy Aleck got a  
straw, stepped up behin' a sorrel mule,  
tickled him on the heel, an—"

The lady started for the door.

"An' the blamed critter never lifted  
a hoof!" said the boy. "Never as much  
as switched his tail. It's a mighty  
good thing for Aleck that he didn't,  
too, ad' I thought I'd come up an tell  
yer."

And he dodged out at the side en-  
trance.—Germantown Telegraph.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To remove white spots from a var-  
nished surface, hold a hot flat-iron over  
them for a second.

Grass stains on wash fabrics may be  
removed with molasses. Rub well  
with the molasses, and spread out in  
the sun for an hour or two.

When the hands are badly stained  
from fruit or house cleaning, use a  
piece of lemon as you would soap. The  
stains will quickly disappear.

Soap should never be used on oil  
cloth, as it fades the colors. When  
the oil cloth has become dim, it may  
be beautifully brightened by a thin  
coat of copal varnish.

A bottle of linseed oil and lime wa-  
ter, mixed in equal quantities, should be  
in every kitchen, to be immedi-  
ately at hand in case of a burn. There  
is nothing more sooth.

Mica in stove doors may be easily  
cleaned by removing, and thoroughly  
washing with vinegar somewhat di-  
luted. If the black does not at once  
come off, let it soak a little while.

If applied immediately, powdered  
starch will take stains out of linen.  
Tea stains may be removed by im-  
merging in a strong solution of sugar  
for a few moments, then rinsing in soft  
water.

If after cleaning silver it is rubbed  
with a piece of lemon, then washed  
and well dried, it receives a brilliancy  
not otherwise obtained, and keeps  
clean much longer than with ordinary  
cleaning.

Kerosene is a valuable assistant in  
washing clothes that are very much  
soiled. Put three tablespoonfuls kero-  
sene into three pails boiling water into  
which soap has been shaved, and in this  
allow the clothes to soak over night.

A very simple and effective way to  
keep ants from the sugar pail is to  
draw a circular chalk line around in  
an inch or two wide. The feet of ants  
are said to be hollow, and the dust of  
the chalk fills them so they cannot travel.

To remove mildew, thoroughly dis-  
solve a teaspoonful of chloride of lime  
in a quart of water, and strain; then  
dip the stained part in it, repeating the  
application if necessary. Care should  
then be taken to wash the lime from the  
garment.

To protect the kitchen floor from the  
grease from the frying pan, cover all  
frying food with a perforated tin pan,  
such as are now sold for a nickel. The  
perforations let out the steam, but not  
the grease, and the floor is saved from  
many a spot, so difficult to remove.

Besides daily care, the kitchen sink  
should once every week receive a  
special cleaning. A piece of washing  
soda the size of an egg should be dis-  
solved in half a pail of hot water.

With half of this give the sink a good  
scrubbing with a stiff brush, then  
wash out with a course cloth and the  
remaining water, then a final rinsing  
with boiling water.

Don't stop, brother, until The Pro-  
gressive Farmer goes regularly to every  
home in your neighborhood.

## A YOUNG GIRL AS GOVERNOR.

Miss Richards Assumes the Responsi-  
bilities When the Father Leaves  
the State.

The private secretary of Governor  
W. A. Richards, of Wyoming, is his  
nineteen-year-old daughter, Miss  
Eleanor Alice Richards. Miss Alice  
not only performs the duties of an  
amanuensis while her father, the Gov-  
ernor, is here, attending to all the cor-  
respondence of the governor's office,  
but during the absence of the govern-  
or from the capital or from the State,  
she is, to all practical purposes, his re-  
presentative, and fulfills in a very cre-  
ditable manner the duties of his office.

Alice was born at Oakland, Cal.,  
just nineteen years ago, says the New  
York Herald. As she has never been  
east of the Missouri river she may be  
considered a typical Western girl. She  
lived with her parents at Oakland un-  
til she was five years old, and then re-  
moved with them to Colorado Springs,  
Col. At the age of ten she went with  
her parents to live on a big cattle  
ranch on the banks of the Big Horn  
river, in Northern Wyoming. Here  
for four years she was instructed by  
her parents, there being no schools in  
the country. Here, too, she formed  
the habits of independence and self-  
reliance which life on the frontier  
gives Western girls. She learned to  
ride half broken cow ponies, and some-  
times went on the "round ups" with  
her father. She also learned how to  
keep house in the practical, common-  
sense way of earlier times.

Mr. Richards, Alice's father, was ap-  
pointed Surveyor General of Wyoming  
in 1888, and came to Cheyenne to live.  
Alice went to school in the Cheyenne  
public schools for several years, and  
attended Mills College, near Oakland,  
Cal., where she graduated last year.  
Her father, upon his election as Gov-  
ernor of Wyoming, gave her a position  
in his office last January as his private  
secretary. She was taken on trial, and  
the trial resulted favorably, and she is  
pretty certain to hold the position  
throughout her father's term of office,  
which does not expire until 1899. Miss  
Alice is an expert stenographer and  
typewriter. To aid her in performing  
the duties of her office with satisfac-  
tion she has devoted her spare time to  
studying law, paying particular atten-  
tion to the Constitution and statutes of  
Wyoming.

Early in June Governor Richard and  
his wife attended the inter state drill  
of the National Guard in St. Louis, and  
during their absence Alice not only  
managed all the business of the Gov-  
ernor's office, but was at the head of  
the household affairs at home, where  
there are three younger children.

While the Secretary of State is dur-  
ing the absence of the Governor "act-  
ing governor," that official, a very  
gallant gentleman, did not assume any  
of the duties of his position except such  
as required his official signature, and  
so far as the performance of the duties  
of the position were concerned, Miss  
Alice was the "acting governor."

On one occasion a notorious criminal  
who had murderously assaulted a  
Cheyenne policeman and was appre-  
hended in Kentucky was wanted here  
for trial. Miss Richards signed the  
requisition papers requesting the Gov-  
ernor of Kentucky to deliver the man  
into the custody of officers from Wyom-  
ing, which in due course of time was  
done. Every evening she telegraphed  
her father, giving him briefly an idea  
of just how the affairs of the office stood  
and how the children were at home.

The fact that Miss Richards performs  
these duties causes no particular com-  
ment here, and the matter was scarcely  
thought of until notice in outside papers  
brought it forcibly to the attention of  
Wyoming people. The institution of  
woman suffrage, which has been in  
practical operation in Wyoming for the  
past twenty five years, gives very  
many clever women of the State an  
opportunity to assume political duties  
and perform them satisfactorily, and  
the opinion prevails here that there is  
no position in the State beyond the  
ability of Wyoming women to fill.

## NOT A BIT SEASICK.

Upon a recent homeward bound trip  
was a gentleman of not widely extend-  
ed ocean experience, who heretofore  
had made only pleasant summer trips  
—trips when the ocean was as the pro-  
verbial mill pond for the greater por-  
tion of the time, with a storm such as  
the winter brings forth unknown.

"Are you a good sailor?" he asked  
of his nearest companion at dinner the  
first day.

"Reasonably so," replied the other.

"Are you?"

"Yes, indeed. I couldn't get sick."

"Sure of that, are you? For my own  
part I've made a great many voyages  
in all parts of the world. I have never  
been seasick yet, but I don't think I  
ever stepped on board a steamer with-  
out having the thought that this may  
be my turn."

The first speaker turned at this and

winked at the others at the table, as  
much as to indicate, "Well, we won't  
see much of our friend if we have  
rough weather." The others replied  
with a smile, as if they indorsed his  
views.

The first and second day until mid-  
night passed pleasantly. Then the ship  
began to pitch and roll, and well it  
might, for it had struck the track of  
a cyclonic storm, and the next morn-  
ing it was in the midst of the storm it-  
self. When the traveler who feared  
that "this might be his time" found  
his way to his seat, he discovered that  
his companions were missing.

"It was rather a hard night, stew-  
ard," he said. "A great many pas-  
sengers sick. I suppose?"

"That they are, sir," answered the  
steward. "All of this table sick, sir,  
but you, sir."

"What! Mr. Blank, also?" asked the  
voyager in mock surprise, as he men-  
tioned the name of the person who  
couldn't get sick. "Well, I'll have to  
go and see him later."

A few hours later he found his way  
to the cabin of the superior sailor, who  
was groaning wretchedly, when not  
imploping some one to knock him on  
the head and throw him overboard.

"Why, how is this, Blank?"

The victim made an effort to collect  
himself. Evidently he recalled the  
foolish remark of the first day.

"Oh," said he, "I'm not seasick. It's  
only a slight nausea. You see, it was  
this way. My tooth brush was a bit  
old. In cleansing my teeth this morn-  
ing a loose bristle caught in my throat  
and nauseated me. To be sure, I'm  
not quite myself yet in the stomach,  
but it isn't seasickness, I assure you,  
and now go away, won't you, old man?  
I don't feel like talking."

Four days later Mr. Blank pulled  
himself together and got on deck, very  
pale, very weak and very dejected.

"Ah, Blank, I'm glad to see you  
around again," said his acquaintance.

"By the way, how's that tooth brush  
with the loose bristle?"

"D—the tooth-brush," muttered the  
man. It upset me completely, and I  
suppose every one thinks I was sea-  
sick. But I was not, I can assure you;  
it was only those confounded bristles."

—New York Herald.

## ARMSTRONG &amp; McKELVEY

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—New York Herald.

## HOW MANY DID THEY EAT?

"Can you tell me," said Will to Bob,  
"how many apples Adam and Eve ate  
in the Garden of Eden?"

"That's a chestnuts!" Bob answered.

"Eve ate one, and Adam ate two; that  
makes three."

"You don't add correctly, Bob. The  
total is 163."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, as you said, Eve ate one (81)  
and Adam ate, two (82). Add 81 and  
82 together and you get 163, don't  
you?"

Bob thought a moment and exclam-  
ed: "I guess they ate more, after all.  
Eve ate for one (841), and Adam ate  
two (82); total, 923."

"Oh, I can do better than that," said Will.  
"Eve, for one, ate (4181), and Adam,  
two, ate one (281). That makes a total  
of 4362. Can you beat that?"

"Yes, indeed! How is this? Eve ate  
one, for one (8,141), and Adam ate one,  
two (812). That is a total of 8,953. Now  
it's your turn."

"I'll quit," said Will. "They must  
have eaten the whole crop."

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